## YOUNG MR. KELLY.

This year spring began on March 20, at 10 o'clock in the morning-I mean that not only was it set down in the almanac to that effect, but it was so advertised in the air. It seemed as if the bare twigs of the birches and the dry, last year's leaves of she oaks must feel it.

It was on this day that a young man was crossing the town line that divides Knapp from Willett. For the last half hour he had not been quite sure that he was on the right road. He thought that he had never come into Willett from this direction bebore, much as he had driven about the country. He was leaning forward on the seat of the dilapidated old buggy that held himself and his bottles of Dr. Marl's Invincible Cough Killer. He had been peddling the "killer," as he colloquially called the remedy, for a couple of weeks. He was not wholly pleased with his success. He was thinking of this while he was looking at everything by the wayside, hoping he should see something familiar that would tell him where he was.

"I d'know how in time I got on to this ro'd," he said aloud-then, suddenly, his face brightened. He saw the old weatherstained piece of granite with the letter K. on one side, and W on the other. There was something in the slant of the stone and in the shape of the K that made his surroundings familiar.

He sat up straight and slapped the lines violently on the bony back of the horse in the shafts. The animal drew himself together a little, then relaxed into the old, hopelessly slow pulling of the rickety wheels through the mud; for it was very muddy-everybody in Knapp and Willett sald that "there hadn't be'n no spring sence 1848, when the frost'd be'n outer the ground s' early 's 'twas now." Consequently there had never been a time in years when colds were so prevalent and so severe. It was for this latter reason that Judson Kelly had chosen this medicine for the present trip of peddling. But he had not made out very well. It seemed that the colds were so much like pneumonia that those who suffered did not quite dare to trust to Dr. Marl's invincible remedy. Many, however, summoned their physician, but privately took their doses of the patent medicine also. Thus if they got well they could not tell what had cured them; and if they died their friends would never know what killed them; and it seems often to be of great and singular comfort to the survivors to have the knowledge of the precise When Judson slapped the lines he ex-

"I'm all right; 'n' I'm nearer Willett than I thought I was. I guess I'll drive right to the hotel 'n' take dinner with Par. Par'll be tremendous glad to see me.' Young Mr. Kelly laughed. There seemed to be some joke either in regard to the hotel or to the fact that "Par" would be

glad to see him. Judson glanced along the road where the pools of muddy water shone in the sunlight And directly he had glanced he pulled off his coarse fur glove and passed his hand down his face as if he were stroking a beard, although he had no beard. He threw back his thick, rough ulster, thus revealing a soiled, white silk "four-in-hand" necktie arranged across a more soiled shirt front. Two pins, with light, opaque blue heads and connected by a gold chain, were fastened in the tie. He patted this which a girl pats her "crimps." Now he flung back his head and looked so unconscious that one seeing him would immediately attempt to discover the cause of this expression. The cause was at a distance of a few rods along the highway.

Just at a curve a young woman was advancing, picking her steps carefully. She had a fold of skirt raised in each hand, and she was considering where would be the next best place on which to set her foot. She had not yet seen the vehicle in front of her.

Judson tried to urge his horse, and again the beast made a convulsive movement, which did not, however, take him out of his The girl came on, each footstep covering her overshoe with a fresh coat of wet.
loamy gravel. She had on a stiff felt hat
with three black "quills" stuck in the front.
Her short jacket was shabby, but it fitted

upon a trim, pretty figure.

The approaching horse and carriage made very little noise coming over the soft road, and they were quite near before the girl heard them. As she looked up she dropped her skirts and blushed. Judson Kelly took off his Derby with a large flourish. It was only lately that he had begun to take off his hat when he met a woman, and he did it with much gusto.

"I'm as supprised 's I can be," said the girl; "I ain't heard no tean.."
"I thought you hadn't," said Judson, whose horse had stopped immediately. The young man was bending forward with his arms on his knees; his large, smooth face was eager, and his pale eyes almost bright.
"The passin' is dretful, ain't it?" he added.
"Yes, 'tis. It don't seem to be settlin'
any yet," she responded. "It can't settle to amount to much," re-marked Judson, "'s long 's it freezes once

"That's so," said Hadassa Burgess, com-monly called "Dassy," "It must make it real hard for your business, Mr. Kelly." "Yes, it does; but a man expects to find things hard. A man's got to keep stiff upper lip now, I tell you." Judson squared his shoulders somewhat as he made this statement. He thought that his companion gave him a glance of admiration. She made a movement as if she would go on, but Judson asked, quickly: "How's things up to the hotel?"

Bout the same. We've got two more inmates. You know it's mighty hard times: 'n' some folks that never thought to be in the poorhouse have come to it."
"That's so," said the young man. He made a slight, uneasy motion; but he was watching the girl's face closely. "You're stayin' to home, ain't ye?" he

"Oh, yes. Mother's had a dretful cold, in she ain't be'n able to do the cookin' at all. She sin't be'n able to do no hard work for more'n two weeks." The girl looked anxious as she spoke.

"I wish you'd let me take you wherever you was goin' now," said Judson.
"I'm afraid it'll put you out," was the response; and the girl blushed again. "If you was goin' up to the village it's jest the wrong way for you. I shouldn't have started afoot, only father was goin' with the horse, 'n' I knew mother'd be'n wantin' to git word to Uncle Rastus's folks 'bout the pigs he was goin' to have." the pigs he was goin' to have."
"So you was started for your Uncle Rastus, was you?"

"Then you git right in. You know I'm take you, Dassy. Judson jumped out into the mud near where the girl stood. He went to the horse's head and turned him so that the muddy wheels should not soil the girl's gown. Then he came and rearranged the bottles with which the buggy was loaded. He helped Dassy in by putting his hand on her elbow, thus slightly cramping her action

as she sprang up. It required some little time to back the horse round in the mud, which sucked at the wheels and then dripped off in thick, long drops; and when the horse was turned and was retracing his steps there was si-lence in the buggy. As for Judson, every-thing he could think of to say did not seem quite what he wanted to say; and as for Hadassa, she never was a great talker, and she did not seem disturbed by this silence.

It was nearly a mile back, and the horse must walk all the way. At last Judson, who was usually what was called "very glib with his tongue," found his powers of speech. He began by telling how much money he had made on Dr. Marl's medicine. He exaggerated a great deal, but Hadassa never suspected that. He meant that she should think he was a very smart young man, and that he could get a good living; and she did think so. He said he guessed the hard times didn't affect him much; he guessed he knew what kind of a thing to pick out

to peddle. If a fellow knew what to pick out, why that was half the battle. Wa'nt she comin' back to-night? He rather abruptly finished his remarks with this question. Yes, she was coming back. Her mother couldn't spare her overnight. It was quite a job to cook for all of them folks, and her

mother wa'nt able. Judson immediately asked if he might come for her after supper; but Dassy for-bade this, explaining that her father was

going home round by Uncle Rastus's and would bring her. When Judson was again driving over the road alone he was conscious that his desire to see his father and to take dinner with

him was somewhat weakened. He wished he had happened around some day when Dassy hadn't been going to Uncle Rastus's. But he kept right on over the level, wet road which led between the sprout lands of oak and chestnut, and after awhile he emerged into a cleared space from which he could see a church spire and here and there a house. Off a half mile to the right was a barn-like structure, with several buildings standing near it. This was not a barn, as its rows of windows proved, but t was the Willett poorhouse, and it was toward this that the tired horse proceeded to irag the ragged old buggy. In a little nook made by the joining of with the l

The "inmate" again looked up. He was an old neighbor and was not conscious of being upon any different plane socially than was Mr. Burgess. And, indeed neither was Mr. Burgess thus conscious. "I hope Dassy ain't goin' to be taken in by no such fell's that," he said, with em-phasis. He added, contemplatively: "I phasis. He added, contemplatively: s'pose he'd be called han'some." "I s'pose he would." "Dassy's an awful good gal. If I thought

she was goin' to git in love with that feller I'd—I'd know what I'd do if I was you, John Burgess." The inmate flung his cob across the shed to emphasize his remark.
"You can't do nothin'," said Mr. Burgess -"you can't do nothin' with a girl." "I know they do say love goes where it's sent," said the inmate, as a final remark. Meanwhile Judson had gone into the house and had shaken hands with Mrs. Burgess who, though not well, was what she called "puttering" round in the kitchen while one of the women belonging to the place was helping her. It was salt fish day, and there was a

large codfish in a tin pan on the stove. Mrs. Burgess was overlooking the washing of a peck of potatoes in the sink. Judson immediately pulled off his ulster and said he'd ruther wash them p'taters than not-and he immediately began pumping water on them.

Mrs. Burgess breathed a long breath of relief, for the old woman who occasionally assisted had one hand doubled up with rheumatism, and, besides, she was always extremely indignant when called upon. She said she came to the poorhouse because she couldn't work, 'n' if she'd got to work she might 's well be to home. She now retired into the back of the kitchen with the remark that when young men took hold 'bout the house like that there was gen'rally some reason for it. Here she chuckled in that indescribably vulgar way which be-

longs to some old women.
"I met Dassy out on the side ro'd," said
Judson, who liked to seem intimate with Dassy's mother. "I arst her to let me take her to her uncle Rastus's, but she said there wa'nt no need of it; 'n' she would not let me go after her to-night neither. I should have been real pleased to have

Mrs. Burgess was meditatively considering how much ginger to take up on a spoon for a molasses cake she was mixing. "Yes," she said; "her father thought he should be harnessed, 'n' so could bring her In this neighborhood it was always the man who was mentioned as being har-

nessed, and not the horse. Occasionally, also, a woman was said to be harnessed for the purpose of driving somewhere. Judson thought he detected here some doubt as to whether Mr. Burgess was really going after his daughter. He was swashing the water on to the potatoes and trying to think just what to say, when the door opened slowly and there was the sound as of something dragging softly on the bare

Mr. Kelly came in, his comforter acting the part of a train. He had some difficulty in shutting the door, for he was holding his letters fast pressed to him, and the folds of the comforter would get under the door. "Your father's gittin' to be real kinder weak in the mind," remarked Mrs. Burgess, in a low voice to the young man. "I pity Judson dropped his potatoes and hurried toward the old man, who was now fumbling with the long pin which held his wrap

"Jest lemme do that, Par," he said; and he took off the comforter. Mr. Kelly walked to the side of the stove and sat down in a rocker there. "I thought you'd be real glad to have me come 'n' take dinner with you, Par," said

man. The sun was warm here, and the

wind was on the other side of the buildings.

The man sat tilted back in his chair. He was closely wrapped in an old bed quilt, which of late had evidently been used for

many other purposes than that for waich it was made. This article was pinned across

a shrunken chest and pulled up in the neck. A faded hat was drawn low down over the man's forehead. From a hole in the top

of this hat a lock of gray hair protruded

and was blown about slightly when a puff

The grimy and veiny hands were folded

tightly across the chest; they pressed to his body a small packet of what looked to

be letters. The man's eyes were gazing in

an absent, filmy way out into space. Into

that space there presently came the horse and buggy of Judson Kelly. But the old

man did not seem to see anything until the

long, melancholy equine face turned into the yard; then he brought the front legs of

his chair suddenly down to the ground, and

a pleased, if somewhat vague, smile came to

"Why," he exclaimed, "there's my boy

"Hullo, Par!" cried Johnson, briskly, from

the buggy. "Sunnin' of yerself, ain't ye?"
"Yes, I be," was the answer. "Season's real for'ard, ain't it? Most time to plant

Judson was hitching his horse to a post, or rather he was making a pretense of so doing. What he really wanted to do was

to take the animal from the shafts, put

"I d' know. He was out in the shed a

The young man left his horse and came

up to the old man, who now slowly held out one hand, which his son took and

shook up and down before he dropped it. He would not meet the upward glance

"I've b'en readin' some of her letters, Judson," said the father. "I ain't read 'um for years before. They bring her real near, sonny. Here they be. Don't you want to

"No; I guess I ain't got no time this mornin', Par," was the answer. "How's your rheumatics to-day? Ain't it rather resky settin' out like this?"

The man made no reply to this question.

His eyes were still fixed on his son's face.

His voice trembled slightly as he said:
"I call it mighty lucky that I saved 'um
—mighty lucky. 'Twas 'bout all I did save,
tho. Don't you want to read jest one of

The young man shrugged his shoulders

"I've got something else to do besides readin' old letters," he answered. He turned and began to walk toward

the shed; he heard his father say, in a high

remonstrant voice: "But they are your mother's letters. I'd know what I should

But Judson would not show that he heard.

In the shed were two men shelling corn, each with a bushel basket before him and

a long, flat piece of iron thrust across the

basket and through the handles of it.

Against these irons the men were rubbing

the ears of corn, and the grains were fall-ing into the baskets. Both men looked up,

and one nodded. The one who nodded was

Mr. Burgess, Dassy's father and the keeper

"Good-mornin', Mr. Burgess," said Jud-

son, with an air of cordial respect. "I was 'round in these parts, 'n' I thought I'd stop 'n' take dinner with father. I'm always thinkin' what a lucky thing 'tis for Par to

have such a place to stay as this is."
"Very lucky," responded Mr. Burgess,

"I tell you it takes a lot of anxiety off of me." went on the young man, still in

the same cordial way, "to know that Par

"I should think it would," said Mr. Bur-

"Yes. it does. I see he's still at them let-

Judson wished that Mr. Burgess would

invite him to dinner. But he intended to

stay, all the same. Still, it would make it a little pleasanter if the master of the

house should say something agreeable on

"He's at them letters 'bout all the time,"

He did not look up from his work. The

corn was falling fast from his hands. While

Judson stood watching him he threw

away the denuded cob and took another

fore," remarked the young man; and he laughed slightly, as if the subject were a

"He always says that," answered Mr.

"I guess I'll take dinner with father,"

repeated Judson, in a hearty, hospitable

way, as if he were inviting some one to

"'N' I guess I'll put my horse right up,

"Better put him in the further stall,"

The other man who was shelling corn

and who was one of the town's poor, now

living in the almshouse, glanced up now

for the first time since the arrival of young Kelly. He drew the back of his

hand across his sunken mouth before he made the following remarks:
"Real kind of hors-pit-able he is, ain't

he? Makes ye feel sort of to home, don't

any response to his words. He went right on with his work. Mr. Burgess seemed for a moment as if he would say something, and say something forcible; but he evidently thought the better of it, and did not speak. The two could hear Judson leading

his horse into the barn. Presently he came

into the shed with a wooden measure in

"Thought I might's well give my horse couple quarts of corn," he said, chearfully. "Stonishin' how the critter's teeth hold

out. He c'n chew corn first-rate now. You'd

be surprised. Mr. Burgess, to see how well he c'n handle his corn," scooping a meas-

"Glad to hear it, I am sure," said Mr.

Judson walked away holding the grain

The speaker did not appear to expect

whistling and

n' give him a snack," continued Judson

"All right," said Mr. Burgess.

in the same hearty manner.

swinging his arms briskly.

was the reply to this.

ure of the grain.

"He says he ain't read 'um for years be-

er done if I hadn't saved 'um."

of the Willett poorhouse.

taking another ear of corn.

has such care.'

said Mr. Burgess.

him in a stall, and give him some of

"Where's the boss?" asked Judson.

peas, I tell um."

minute ago.'

which sought his face.

the short ones, Judson'

see some of 'um?'

of wind came round the corner.

Judson, cheerfully.

"Yes, yes, I be," was the answer. "I've jest be'n readin' the very last letter she wrote 'fore we was married," he went on. He placed the pile of papers carefully on his knees, which he pressed closely together that the package might not fall off. You see we lived fifty mile apart; I was in Willett 'n' she over to Riverton, so we had to do all our courtin' by letters. Don't you want to read this last one, Judson? I d'know what I should do 'thout these letters. If I didn't save nothin' else I'm glad I saved these.

He untied the long white twine which held the dingy sheets together. He unfolded the top sheets, his withered hands trembling with eagerness and with age. He began to read in a whisper to himself. As he went on his flabby face, covered almost to the eyes with a stubble of gray beard, flushed even to his forehead. A smile came to his tremulous lips. A strange transfiguration was upon him. Gradually his lips stopped trembling; his whole countenance became firmer and younger. The hand which held the letter was steady. The old man laughed. He did not try to rise, and he still kept his hands tightly pressed upon the package against his All this for a moment or two. There was some fire in his eyes as he glanced at his son and again asked:

"Don't you want to read this last one,
Judson? 'Tain't very long. It tells about
her weddin' gown. She was married in
white-sprigged muslin. There ain't no
such girls now. Oh, me! Oh, me!" The
fire went out of his eyes. His whole aspect became again senile and almost helpless. But he still persisted with his question: "Don't you want to read this last poor-farm hay; perhaps also some of the poor-farm corn. Judson was a thrifty youth, and knew when he was saving a tion: "Don't you want to read this last one, sonny? You know it's your own mother that wrote it.

Judson answered that he was busy then.
Mr. Kelly looked round at Mrs. Burgess.
"He ain't never read none of 'um," he said. His voice broke in a sob, but he managed to add: "an' she was his own

"Well, par," explained Judson, in his hard young tone, "you know I don't have near so much time's you do; 'n' I'm layin' out to read 'um ail up in a lump some day. Yes, I'll read 'um all up in a lump."
The old man made no response. He had folded up the letter he had just read and was now unfolding another. The pa-per shook and rattled in his hand. At the sink the potatoes were all washed. Judson asked if there wasn't something

more for him to do. He said, with a laugh, that now Dassy was gone it was lucky he was there to do her share of the work. He was sent out to get a pumpkin to cut up and put on to stew. His father still sat by the stove reading his letters, and smiling and weeping over them; and again Mrs. Burgess said that she "pitied him a lot," whereupon Judson explained how much he himself pitied his

It proved that the young man made a good dinner upon fish and fried pork and potatoes and beets. He said he did love to come and eat with his father, and it seemed to do the old gentleman so much good, too. This he confided to Mr. Burgess as he took his second cup of coffee. Mr. Burgess made some inarticulate re-sponse to this remark and he did not seem

anxious to continue the conversation. After this meal the master of the house found himself in the private sitting room at the same time that his wife was resting there on the lounge. Mr. Burgess had rather a black look on. He was buttoning his overcoat about him, and doing some violence to buttons in the process.
"How long's that feller goin' to hang round?" he asked, in a strident way. "What feller?" returned his wife, weakly,

"Oh, you know well enough. Young "I ain't heard him say." "I s'pose," began Mr. Burgess—and here a button came off in his hand, and he tossed it on to the table, from which place of course, it rolled to the floor-"I s'pose he's the kind of a man that women like,

"I don't know."

"Well, you like him, don't you?" "Yes; I think he's real agreeable. He's so kind of whole-hearted." "Whole hearted! Do you know what Dassy thinks about him? "No; I ain't never heard her say word."

"But can't you guess anything about it?"
"Why," hesitatingly, "I shouldn't wonder
if she was pleased with him. I hope you ain't goin' to make any fuss if she is. Don't you think he's real nice to his old father?"
"Nice to his old father!" with a violent snort; "why don't he take care of his old father, then?"
"But he ain't situated so's he can. He always says if he wa'n't so situated-"

"Oh. I understand that," interrupted Mr. surgess. "Well, I'm goin now; 'n' I shall Burgess. "Well, I'm goin' now; 'n' I shall bring Dassy back with me. Dassy's a good A sudden softness came into Mr. Burgess's voice as he now mentioned his daugh-

ter. He left the room without speaking Mrs. Burgess rose and went to the window. She saw her husband walk across the yard to the barn. In a moment more she saw Judson Kelly wheel out the open wagon and then help his host harness the "Men are so prejudiced," she thought.

It was like Mr. Burgess not to say anything to Dassy about young Kelly. The father and daughter drove home through the mud with but few words spoken; but the girl was conscious of an increase of kindness on her father's part, though it would have been difficult to describe how he was kinder. One might have said that there was a

great need of Dr. Marl's Invincible Cough Killer in the immediate neighborhood of the Willett almshouse all through March and April of this season. Judson Kelly lingered in the vicinity and came almost daily to the house. He said his father seemed so glad to see him that it would be wicked not to go when he could; and he said it so emphatically that his flial devotion was commented upon by some.

And the old man did not change apparent-

ly. He sat about out of doors in the sunshine whenever he could; he always had his letters with him, and he was almost always reading them and laughing or crying over them. He told his son a great many times in those days that it was the "luck-iest thing in his life" that he "saved them letters." He said he knew 'some folks after they was married didn't care bout what they'd written when they were courtin'." Every day he asked his son if he "wouldn't read one of them letters, jest the shortest one."

"Why, Jud, your own mother wrote um." And every day Judson hadn't time. He "calculated to read um all in a lump" when he got a chance. Then his father would cry a little but would soon go on with his reading. Dassy often went to drive with the young man when it became milder. She blushed when he looked at her; she seemed interest-

ed in his talk. The old inmate who had helped to shell the corn used sometimes to contemplate Dassy by the quarter of an hour together when Judson was in the room. After such contemplation he would roll the tobacco in his mouth and groan audibly. Once Dassy asked him if he was sick. He groaned again and said his "rheumatics was a-twingin of him." One day in the latter part of April Judson drove up. There was a bunch of trailing arbutus on the seat be-side him. He found Dassy alone in the sitting room when he came in with the flowers. He hurried forward and put his arm about the girl. He was going to kiss her, but she shrank back.

"Oh." he exclaimed in a whisper, and with very little misgiving in his heart, "I want you to be my wife. I've loved you ever since I first saw you." She did not reply; she still shrank away. "Give me a kiss and say yes." he begged.

She twisted herself from his arm. "No." she said. Judson grew red. "What," he cried; "ain't you encouraged me. I should like to know?" "Mebby I have," in a low voice.

"I s'pose you're jest hangin' off so's to have me keep pleadin'," he said hotly. "No, I ain't neither," she answered. She hesitated an instant, then with resolution she went on, rapidly: "I'll own I did kind of take a notion to you in the first of it: but when I seen all this time how you wouldn't read one of them letters, 'n' your poor old father apleadin' with you, 'n' you makin' believe set such store by him, I got all turned ag'inst you. 'N' I wouldn't marry you for all the world, Judson Kelly.

She almost ran out of the room It was not until well on in May that the inmate who had shelled corn, and who was now planting peas with Mr. Burgess, took occasion to observe that that there Dassy wa'n't nobody's fool; not by a long chalk. He'd bet on Dassy every time. "'N' I guess Jud Kelly's asellin' of his Killer in some other locality, ain't he, John?"-Maria Louise Pool in the Independent.

He Didn't Run Over the Bicyclist. Lewiston Journal.

It takes a cold-blooded man to run down a bicyclist. A crusty driver from up on Maine street, who has for long boasted that he would run over the first wheelman who got in his way, was driving a large horse down past the hospital Saturday. Just ahead was a wheelman going slowly along in the street. "Hey, there! Git out the way, or I'll run over you," called the teamster. The wheelman continued on his way. "Out of the way, there!" called the irate driver. The wheel didn't turn out an inch or hurry any. The horse was only six feet from the wheel.
"I say, there, why don't you turn out?"

The horse's head came over the shoulder the wheelman and the feet went each side of the rear wheel, but the wheelman never turned his head or turned out. The street was wide and the man behind was

settle. Then the driver began to pull in the horse. He fell back and drove by on the side. The face of the wheelman was as undisturbed as if he had been alone on the street. He bowed politely as the team went ahead.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

War news by cable from China costs the

No wild female bird ever sings during

the period of incubation, and rarely at

An English coin of the reign of Charles II once sold for \$2,500, the highest price a

In June of the present year 16,000,000 children were found to be enrolled in the schools of the United States.

Swallows have been met with at sea over 1,000 miles from any land. They were prob-

Europe has been inflicted with no less

than twenty-five prominent Messiahs since the beginning of the Christian era.

Japanese workmen bathe the whole body

Railroad earnings have been steadily de-

once a day, and some of them twice. Pub-

creasing for twenty years, due to the re-

A scientist has recently declared that the average speed of transmission of the shock

Mohammedan widows find it difficult to

remarry. An association to assist them in finding husbands has been organized in Tur-

The most curious paper weight in the world belongs to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummified hand of one of the

A piece of brown paper placed in the top

of a hat is a perfect security against the violent effects of the sun and will keep the head perfectly cool.

Authorities say that a fatal fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then

The suit of armor used by Jeanne d'Arc is preserved intact in the tower of the Pinou Castle in Aisne. It shows that she

Signals used by ships at sea date from

1665. They were invented by the Duke of York, afterward James II, and, so far as known, were the only things he ever did in-

The administration of the oath to wit-

nesses is a practice of very high antiquity.

It is mentioned as of common use among

the Hebrews at the time of the exodus

The first silk dress worn in Europe was sported by a lady of the French court in 1455. The first pair of silk stockings worn in Europe adorned the ankles of Henry II

The largest plow in the world is owned

In tearing down an old house in Paris

recently the workmen came across a pair

of boots, in which were found bonds which

had been stolen from a New York bank twenty-one years before.

does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the

public by means of pictures, is liable to a

A century ago there were but forty-three

The manuscript books of the ninth, tenth

and eleventh centuries were all in the same style of handwriting. This was due

to Charlemagne, who selected the style and

In the faces of United States stamps all

the government branches are recognized,

except the judiciary. In the new issue will appear the faces of Marshall and Madison,

the famous expounders of the Constitution.

the Southern States increases each year.

It is conceded that more Southern planters

will feed their stock and their families from home-raised food next winter than at any

The Methodist Annual Conference in Ger-

many has been fixing the salaries of all

preachers within maximum and minimum

figures. The largest sum given to any preacher is \$800 and the lowest \$150. There

are gradations according as the preacher

A peculiarity of the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Sol-

diers and sallors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action,

continue to smoke for a short while, but

soon give up the habit. They say it gives

them no pleasure when they cannot see the

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Close Guess.

Little Girl-What kind of women are

An Agreeable Disappointment.

"Did Jones find the horse he bought of

"Great Scott, no; he was perfectly sound."

Supreme Advancement of the Sex.

Young Man-Look out! There's a mouse! The Advanced Young Woman (calmly)— Oh, how cunning. Can't you coax the little

One Definition.

Wife-I saw an odd thing down town to-

Dangers of Brevity.

Of a Superior Quality.

"Your sealskin sacque is the finest I have

"Well, it ought to be; it was made from

He Could.

Practical Father-If he says he loves you

suppose he does; but can he support you?

Daughter-Why papa! You must know that it wasn't his fault that the chair

The Word "Male,"

"Why is it that Mrs. Brooklyn is so

down on the Woman Suffrage business?"
"You know she's awfully thin, and she's

heard that everyone who votes will have to

Taking Him at His Word.

"No," said the busy merchant; "I don't

"Thank you," returned the fair book agent from Boston; "how many shall I

The Mother, of Course.

First Judge (baby show)—Who is the mother of that squally brat?
• Second Judge—Mrs. Uppish, I think. I heard her speak of him as "cunning," "cute" and "sweet."

A Pair of Them.

Miss Passay-It is so long ago that I sup-

pose you hardly remember that day on the lake when you proposed to me, and I refused you? Ah! how feelish I was then!

A Narrow Escape.

Jess-I don't think this gown matches my

The Only Chance.

Actor-Can't you give me a part that I will have some chance to make a hit in?

Manager-Hum! I might dramatize "William Tell," I suppose.

"What part would I have?"
"You could be William Tell, and hit the

Another Case of Bribery.

Boy (to Clerk)—Say, do you want to make a pack of cigarettes?

Boy-Well, that's my mother there, and

she wants to buy a hair brush. Tell her

them big heavy ones with the rough iron backs is bad fer rheumatism, and will make

Homescekers' Excursion to the South-

On Oct. 23 and Nov. 6, via Vandalia Line.

the hair fall out, and you get the pack.

Clerk (surprised)-Yes! How?

Yearwed-I-I wish to look at son

day, right on the public square. Husband-What was that?

Little Boy-Married ones, I guess.

Street & Smith's Good News.

Brown all that he expected?"

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Chicago Record.

dear out this way?

Detroit Free Press.

Wife-A bachelor.

New York Weekly.

Clerk-White kid?

New York Weekly.

bear arms."

Mrs. Yearwed-Sir!

one of the educated seals.'

Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Smith & Gray's Monthly.

put you down for?"

New York Weekly.

Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Boston Journal.

Jack-Which one?

New York Weekly.

Puck.

Jack Ford-Yes; so was I!

complexion very well; do you?

Jess-What? Jack-Which gown, I mean.

care for no dictionaries to-day.'

babies' shoes.

is married, unmarried or has children.

The quantity of food products raised in

newspapers in America, and not one of them contained in a year as much reading matter as can now be found in a single

fine of \$500 for each offense.

Sunday issue of a leading daily.

ordered every scribe to follow it.

By an Italian law every circus which

by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino county, California. This immense sod turner stands eighteen feet high and weighs 30,000 pounds.

of an earthquake is 16,000 feet per second.

duction of freight and passenger rates.

lic baths are provided on every street.

single coin ever brought.

daughters of Pharaoh.

unconsciousness ensues.

from Egypt.

of France in 1509.

It is run by steam.

time since the war.

must have been a large woman.

ably driven seaward by storms.

English papers \$1.87 a word, and from Japan

## EQUAL IN THE WORLD!

Strong and Powerful Words from Those Who Know Whereof They Speak. Being Prominent People, Everybody Knows Their Words Are True.



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als coming from well-known persons gives to them such convincing power that the foremost men and women of the land are taking it because they know it will do exactly what people say it will. One of the best known and honored men,

Hon. William J. Fisher, of Whallonsburg, N. Y., speaks as follows about himself and his estimable wife. "Nine years ago I had malarial fever

which developed into a severe case of Bright's disease. I saw a celebrated specialist, who said I could live but a short time. I employed several eminent physicians. They all said I had Bright's disease, but none of them cured me. "My wife, who was using Dr. Greene's

Nervura blood and nerve remedy with great benefit, advised me to try it. commenced using it and almost immediately began to improve. I took four bottles and was then entirely cured and made a well man in every respect. I tell you it was wonderful, this medicine doing what no other medicines or physicians could do. I don't wonder it has got the name of being a wonderful remedy.

"My wife has been troubled with erysipelas, salt rheum and nervous debility. She has tried several medicines, but Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has done her more good than anything she has ever taken. She is rapidly getting well under its use. We both consider this medicine the best remedy in the world." The wonderful cures performed by Dr.

Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy

have become so widespread that everybody takes it. The best physicians everywhere advise and recommend its use, for they know its great and remarkable power to cure. Use it if you wish to get back your health.

Why waste time in trying uncertain and untried remedies when here is a physician's prescription, a discovery made by the



MRS. WM. J. FISHER.

greatest living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 25 West Fourtdenth street, New York city. If you take this medicine you can consider yourself under Dr. Greene's direct professional care, and you can consult him or write to him about your case freely and without charge. This is a guarantee that this remedy will cure, possessed by no other medicine in the world.

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CAUTION.

Do not let your druggist talk you out of these remedies by trying to sell you something else in their place. Do not believe him if he says something else is just as good for there is nothing on earth that ever has or ever will take the place of Mme.

Yale's Excelsior Complexion Remedies. A perfect complexion is guaranteed all who use them. Mme. Yale will promptly fill all mail orders sent to her. PRICE LIST.

Pimples, Blackheads and Skin Diseases cured with Mme. Yale's Special Lotion

No. 1 and Special Ointment No. 2, guaranteed. Price, 31 each.

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use; does not hurt, irritate or even make

Guaranteed to develop a beautiful bust

the skin red; removes every trace in one application. Price, \$5. La Freckla and Freckles.

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ion becomes as clear as crystal. Price, \$1 per bottle.

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